

The Stealer: Remember My Name

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Summary: An exciting prelude that begins 3 weeks before The Stealer Part 2 and fills in details that were not explained.

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"Ask not what your penis can do for you, but what you can do to save 15% on your car insurance"

- Ron Marhoffer Chevrolet

"The only thing we have left to fear is the fiscal cliff"

- Chubs McMan

"I'm not a terrorist"

- Osami vin Ladi

"No guys seriously you've got the wrong person"

- Osami vin Ladi

* 3 weeks before the events of The Stealer Part 2.

What a man does with his body will always be subject to criticism. Moms are complaining about how their sons are masturbating too much, wives are complaining about how their husbands masturbate too much, girlfriends complain about how their boyfriends masturbate a lot, and the liberal media won't stop masturbating. I was never big on jacking off, I've always been more of a fan of whacking off. Nothing beats the feel of a real woman though.

That's why I screw a lot of girls, because I like it. This one time I got into an orgy with 30 girls. I always liked to screw to the music

of my favorite composer, Ramin Djawadi. It always got me rock hard. This one time I thought my dick was so hard that it would shatter if I slammed a window down on it. It severed my dick and I had to get reconstructive surgery but it in turned made my wang 4 inches longer so now I was irresistible.

After stealing virginity from many far from barely - legal middle school girls, I looked in the classified section of the newspaper. There was an opening for DJ's at a radio station called B.O.O.B The Cock. I loved all of those things woah wait a minute I'm not gay. I don't like cock, like I'm seriously not gay. I've had orgies with other guys before but there's always been girls so. Oh shit. Am I gay?

"So, Mr..." The psychiatrist said.

"Stealer. Just call me Mr. Stealer." He looked at me and said "Bullshit that's your real name fag lol I bet ur mum fucked her brother m8 and made u m8 ur a damn egg im l3 u egg fok u" and then he turned back to his papers.

"So Mr. Stealer, you're worried that you're gay? It says here that you have a variety of sexually transmitted diseases like Human Papilloma Virus, I like to call it Mushroom boner, herpes and Insane Clown Pussy. Most of those are transmitted from intimate contact with a b!tch yo! Crank dat solja boy"

I whipped out my dick and rubbed it on his nose and he slobbered my knob and I blew my load into his silky smooth hair. It was a relief to know that I wasn't gay. He said that I was a nice man and that even if I wasn't gay I shouldn't be afraid to reveal my true self and that I should never be ashamed. I thanked him and stabbed him in the eye with a syringe filled with bleach and hydrogen peroxide. His blood foamed mesmerizingly and I licked it off the ground while shoving a pen up my urethra. I headed towards the radio station, B.O.O.B The Cock.

As I was doing so, I stole a gun off of a cop by accident. He didn't realize it yet, but I think he remembered me from the time I shot his wife and ran over his newborn child in my minivan. He knew I was The Stealer. He and his partner followed me into the radio station. I asked for the job and they threw the keys at me with vigor and passion and they started fingering themselves to the silky smooth sounds of Space Jam.

This went on for 3 weeks, and the cops never took their eyes off me. It was time for me to do something about it. I had to break out of this radio prison lol I mean radio station. After that, no one will stop me, and everyone will remember my name: The Stealer.

End
file.